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November 29, 1961.

Dear Jim,

I have just received your paper, given at Betty's -
bug, have read it and enjoyed it, and now,
while the fit is on me, I think I will try to
write you a letter. The last time this impulse
came over me was when you sent me a copy of
your book of selections on Mississippi in the Con-
federacy with an inscription which I thought was
as nice as any I had ever seen [I hope you
remember it: "In Dave Potter, in remembrance of
his youth at Ole Miss and his childhood (Confed-
erate period) at Yale ... on the 100th anniversary
of the departure of the University Grays."] The
book arrived, as best I can remember, a day or two
before another, less memorable departure, namely my
own departure, the end of my childhood or Confederate
period, from Yale. Actually, I brought your book
in my suitcase and frequently entertained myself
with assurances that I was going to write to
you that night from the motel.

Well, we have been here in California for five
months now, during which my good intentions have

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begun to bloom larger, like the geraniums, but not to bear any fruit as yet. We are living in a house on a hill, about four miles west of the University, where we have well water because we are so far from the main, a doberman pinscher because the nearest law is in San Jose, and a horse which we borrowed from a summer camp, in a stable down the road. I am not much of a cowboy yet, and I spend more time at my desk than ever before, but I have learned a few new tricks - you should see me cleaning out the horse's hoofs while Cathy holds them up.

I am very glad I had gumption enough to make the decision to come here. I never liked the town of New Haven, nor the climate, and when I read between the lines of your paper on Southern leadership before 1860, I know I would not like to return to the South right now. But we have winter sunshine, mockingbirds, trumpet vines, and human beings

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whose natural juices have not been denatured, all here, and I feel much less as if I have an ulcer coming on, even when I work hard. My one chick, Cathy, is twelve now and I am glad she will not spend her teens in New Haven. Vann Woodward's only child is already in college, and the college is Yale.

I appreciate your sending me your book and your most recent paper, as well as earlier ones, and I think they all have the stamp of your personality on them. In the last one, that came today, the paragraph on page twenty eight is a very fertile idea. It reminds me of the corollary stated by Pollard in the Lost Cause Regained (and cited in Phillips' Central Theme) that the South could still gain the essential thing it was fighting for, namely white supremacy, even after losing the war. I imagine that life is far from easy for you and that it has been that way for a long time. I advise you and hope that the silver bullet which you have been

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wearing for so many years, will continue to protect you. Also, a more prosaic hope, I hope I can see you in Washington at Christmas and quote some Shakespeare to you, as Dutch so mistakenly insists that I did when we first met in the year of the London election.

Please give Dutch my love.

Best regards,

Dave.